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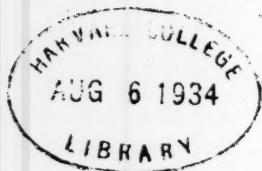
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*W. L. Gage*

Va Va Va Va Va Va Va mi Va Va.

THE

March 20 1659

# RUMP

DESPAIRING,

OR

The Rumps Proverbs,

AND

## Lamentations.

Published to promote the Repentance of such  
as have been, and to deterre all  
others from ever proving  
Rebels to their Prince  
and Country.

LONDON;

Printed in the Yeare, 1660:



*The Rump despairing, &c.*

*Sir Henry  
Vane.*



OW now my Friends, what in your dumps, the Proverb saith, *It is a merry world when Knaves meet*, and I am sure that there is none of us here, *but hath either a Foole in his sleeve, or a Knave in his Doublet*, come why should we grieve thus, *a pound of sorrow will never pay penny of Debt*, you know that all we have came from others, and will now goe to others, and let it e'ne goe and be hang'd.

*Sir Arthur*, Oh *Sir Henry*, sorrow hath quite besotted me, I was meditating on that Proverb, *A wall without a Crosse, and a Knight without money is abused by every one*; I have been a grand cause of the first, but now I shall I feare pay shot and lot too, would it not grieve a Man that hath had his choice of all the fat of the Land, to feare his being brought to *powdered Beefe without mustard*, Oh the very thoughts of this would make a wiser Man



then I mad. My high spirit hath all this while fed upon the revenues of other Mens wealth, but must now I searc be contented with lesse then that I might before my villanies call my owne, and you know *Pride and Poverty make a double affliction.*

*Sir H.* We may ene thank our selves for it, a pittifull Mather makes a scab'd Daughter, as we have brewed so we must bake, and most now expect to be paid in our own coine.

*Tichb.* What meanes *Sir Harry* by this miscellany of Proverbs, this truly is a new way of discourse which I never learned either from my Master *Oliver*, or in the Committee of Safety, but since you will Dialogue, I am content, and I think my *fooles bolt* will be soon enough shot.

*Sir Hen. V.* Then away with it quoth *Washington*, But what think you *Harry Martin* of our present condition.

*H. Martin.* Truly I think we are all as fitting for the Divell, as a pudding for a Friers mouth, and to him I make no question we shall shortly goe.

*Lord Monson.* Good wits jump, I am of the same opinion, for I beleeve we shall shortly be as sure to be found in Hell, as a Gentlemans Gray-hound, and a salt box by the fire side.

*Walton.* They have a Proverb in Spain, that every House in *Malagon* hath a Thiefe of its owne, but if ever House contained so many Thieves together as the Parliament House whilst we were all there, I will loose my eares; but what talk I of loosing my eares, my Head is  
satisfaction

satisfaction too little for my Roguery ; we use to say, *He that kills a Man when he is drunk shall be hanged when he is sober*, and we that were so damnably drunk with the Poison of Rebellion, that we killed our Lord and King, must expect a Halter for our just doom and reward.

*Corbet.* They say that Proverbs are true and witty sentences, but he was a very idiot that made this, *B'ack will not change its hem*, for though I am almost as black as the Divell, yet I am sure I am in a blew condition.

*Desbrow.* I am of your opinion too my Lord, and think no otherwise of this. *A handfull of mony is better then a busshell of learning*, for had I but been contented to have lived at home the very smell of learned Cambridge, would have preserved me better then all the mony I have gotten by my Roguery.

*H. Nevill.* But I am sure Sir I remember a Proverb which is very true, *the civill wars of France made a Million of Atheists, and 30000 Witches*, and I mistake, if we have not here in England trebled the number, and I think my selfe no small fool amongst them.

*Peters.* You said true Mr. *Nevill*, for I were no body else. *All who come into a Church say not their Prayers.* And though I was good at a long prayer, I am sure my grace was short enough.

*Lambert.* Tis a true Proverb, *what is got over Devills back must be lost under his Belly.* By successfull rebellion against my Prince I got good store of Land and Lordships, and would it not greive a stone, that I should loose all by my unfortunate making head against my fellow Traitors. But Gentlemen, you have no reason now to  
persecute



persecute or laugh at me, now the game is almost ended, I wonder which of us shall be winners.

*H. Martin.* Why should you be thus fullen Sir, what though you are imprisoned, must that breake your heart? Yet I confesse there is some reason. *For a Jack-anapes cannot be merry when a clog is at his heeles.* For had you not been so Apish as to imitate your Predecessor *Oliver*, both you and we might have still been in a better condition.

*Lambert.* You need not meddle with the mote in my eye, you have a beame in your owne to look after, you have been the cause of your owne ruine, you must cause the Monk to destroy me, but I think the Monk is turned Fox now, and hath devoured you all like Geese as you are, you are here brisk with your Proverbs.

*Gentlemen,* But methinks you might have remembred, and you above all others Mr. *Nevill*, that Proverb of the *Italians*, that you must alwayes keep your selfe, *dal dinanzi delle donne, dal dietro delle mule, and da tutti i lati de' i frati*, from the belly of a Woman, the taile of a Mule, and from every side of a Monk; but I think you have smarrted for your foolery sufficiently.

*Henry Martin.* I doe confesse our errour in the last good Sir, and doe conclude Monkes to be dangerous persons, but I cannot but look in your Proverb as idle in the first clause, which disswades us from comming into Paradise it selfe, and from touching at that most pleasant cape of good hope, my owne experience can confute you Sir in this, I have now lying in at *Chelsey* loving Madamozzell, and have been before and behind her, and yet never found any prejudice by it.

*Monsoi.*

*Monson.* Gramercy brother *Harry*, you and I are both of a mind, only Ladies are sometimes dangerous persons, if you come before them when they have a Ladle in their hands, which I am sure my Codshead can make affidavit to.

*Sir Arthur.* I wonder Sirs you can thus trifle in your miseries, but I confesse you may well enough be content, for you have but your deserts. for *scab'd Horses are good enough for two such scab'd Serving-men as you are.* But though we are all Knaves, yet let's not be all Fooles, but now we are in the mire, consider which way to get our, for my part I am resolved never to be quiet till I have got my will, and when that will be the devill knows; there is a Proverb. *Give a woman what she would have, and what she would have, and she will be quiet.* But though I had my desire ten thousand times fulfilled, yet I should still be unsatisfied, for I was born to be content with nothing; a halter was my destiny, and that I will have before I dye.

*Desborough.* Oh hold Sir you are too desperate, I have been as furious as you, as malecontent, turbulent, and franck, but yet am not so much in love with that thing called hanging, as to venture my neck I know not how; I know I have been esteemed a foole, *but Sir after wit is every bodies wit*, and so I may claime something in it, and for my part I conceive it better to withdraw my selfe, and returne to the place of my first habitation, for I must now confesse I am good for nothing else, and businesse of State is no fitter for me then a saddle for a Sowes back.

*Henry Martin.* You say very true Sir. *Better a louse in the pot then no flesh at all*; I will even to the Kings Bench

Bench again, and there get me my loving Whore at *Chelsey*, and seek in the sweet imbraces of her to forget all State affaires, and I hope the State will forget me too.

*Lord Monson.* As one Cock crowes, so the other followes. We have been fellow Prisoners, and fellow Whoremasters a long time, and I am resolved we will not part now.

*Peters.* Well Gentlemen if you are for the Kings Bench and your Whores, then I am for *white-Chappell* and my Butchers wife, oh she is a delicate soft peice of flesh, as tender as young Lamb, and as sweet as a *Sur-loyne* of rost Beefe stuck with *Rosemary*, and truly Brethren if you intend any of you to scape hanging, the onely way is to be quiet, and take these few instructions and Apothegmes before we parr, for I feare we shall not meet again till we come to Hell, and what sweet Morfells shall all we be for our Master the Devill, methinks when I look on *Corbet*, we are like so many rashers of Bacon ready broiled for *Lucifers* breakfast, but I must depart, onely as I said before; let me intreat you all to remember these few things which I shall give you to take notice of to each one.

To you Sir *Arthur*.

*Evill gotten goods never prove well*, and therefore it were better for you to get down into the Country, and look that your Bishoprick of *Durham* run not away, for it was alwaies true, *male parta cito dilabuntur*.

To you *Collonell Walton*.

*An old man is unfit for a young woman*, and old fool for making a new state.

To

To Desbrow.

*A Carrion Kite will never be good Hawke, nor an ignorant Plow-Man make a good Councellour of State.*

To my Lord Monson.

*A Scepter is one thing, and a Ladle is another, and though his Wife can tell how to use the one, yet he is not fit to hold the other.*

To Henry Nevill.

*He must needs go whom the Devill drives, the Devill hath for a long time set him awork, and now let him contentedly receive his wages.*

To Sir Henry Vane.

*A little wind kindles much, puts out a fire, he hath so whimsicall and capricious a braine that his desigues still overthrow both himselfe and them, and therefore he and all of us had better resolve to sit still and be patient, and perhaps the Nation may be more mercifull then we deserve, and so farewell.*

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**FINIS.**

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